

Not Quite Broken

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Summary: After Hiccup's mother, Valhallarama dies, Stoick will learn just how hard it is to be a family again. Oneshot. T because I'm paranoid.

Not Quite Broken

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, was having an absolutely awful week.

That's sugar coating it for sure.

His mother, Valhallarama, passed away, three days before. He was showing no promise in any physical activities, according to his father's good friend, and Hiccup and the rest of the children's teacher, Gobber.

Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and even Astrid had begun to tease him for being useless, and motherless, but he thought that, maybe, just maybe, Astrid looked sad while doing so.

He hadn't eaten all week, either, other than the few things he could find around the house. Stoick didn't really notice, nor care.

He just wanted his wife back.

He was so caught up in his grief, that one day he almost didn't notice his son walking in with a black eye, and a bloody nose.

Almost.

He watched Hiccup stagger up the stairs, not saying anything, deciding to save it for another time.

Then it occurred to Stoick that Hiccup was the only thing he had left

of his dear wife, and he was looking a fair bit thinner.

That was when he began to get out of his stupor, to try to be a father again.

A week is barely enough time to grieve, but, Stoick realized, he had more important things to do. Like take care of their only son, who he had promised Val he would always protect.

So he made dinner. Nothing spectacular, just a bit of oats and yak milk, but it was better than nothing. While he was making the food, it occurred to him that he hadn't heard Hiccup speak in almost a week.

He called Hiccup down for dinner. The boy limped down the stairs without protest, and sat at the table.

Stoick looked his son over carefully. He took in every bruise and scratch on his son's face and rage filled up his being. Who did this to his child? "Son," He boomed "What in Odin's name happened to you?"

Hiccup sighed. "Like you'd care." He mumbled. Stoick looked at him, surprised. The boy hadn't spoken in a week, and these were his first words? He had never said anything like that to his father.

Until now.

"Who did this?"

"Nobody, dad. I tripped and fell." Hiccup responded.

Stoick saw right through that lie. "***Who**_** did**_** this, son?***" He asked with more intensity.

Hiccup glared at him angrily, then turned away and ignored him. He picked at his food moodily.

"So be it then. I suppose I am going to have to question all of the other children about this." Hiccup's eyes widened and his breath hitched. If his father did that, then the other kids would have even more reasons to pick on him.

"No! Don't!" Hiccup nearly screamed the words. His father looked rather pleased with himself. "Who was it then? Come on, out with it."

There was dead silence for a moment, before Hiccup responded quietly, meekly, "Snotlout." He paused for a moment, then stammered out, "But he didn't beat me up or anything! He just pushed me down a hill!" He said, as if it would help matters.

That was also not completely the truth, for Snotlout had punched him in the eye, and Tuffnut had kicked him, and possibly broken one of his ribs.

He'd pretty much fixed that on his own, by nicking a healing book from Gothi's place. It was still on the mend, and hurt badly if you touched it.

Stoick's blood was boiling with rage and guilt. Rage because Snotface Snotlout was his own nephew, and guilt because he had assigned him as Hiccup's playmate.

"Please don't yell at them, dad. They didn't do anything wrong! I'm just too puny and small and..." He trailed off. They spent almost a half hour ingraining the words into his head.

Stoick sighed and put his head in his hands. "I'm sorry, son. For everything." He spoke reluctantly, not liking apologizing. "Me too." Hiccup said sadly. What does he have to be sorry about? thought Stoick.

He walked over to his 8-year-old son and hugged him, something he hadn't done in a long time.

Hiccup yelped loudly, pain shooting through his broken rib. "What's wrong?" Stoick panicked.

"I think... My rib is broken." Stoick stared at his son in disbelief as Hiccup told him how he had tried to fix it by himself to no avail.

3 hours later it was set by elder Gothi, and he had gotten a good scolding from his father about dealing with things like broken bones without any supervision.

But he didn't mind as much as he should have.

Because it meant that his father finally cared again, and they wouldn't stay broken for too long.

And Valhallarama wasn't truly gone, for she lived on in their hearts.

So they stayed, one fractured, but not entirely broken family, for the rest of their time together.

They kept walking on, not quite broken.

So, yeah, there's my first HTTYD fanfic. I completed this around three in the morning, so it's pretty bad. I just wanted to write some family themed angst, because I'm evil. I know, the characters are probably very OOC, and I am very sorry. Constructive criticism is welcome, but please no flames. Thanks.

*** Epic01***

End
file.